

Literature, &c.

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From Hogg's Instructor.

MENONAH'S REVENGE.

THE tall trees had fallen before the axes of the Pilgrim Fathers, and the wigwams of the Mohigan had retired from the shores of the Great Salt Lake. The thick bosky woods that had frowned on their sable density upon the hardy settlers of New England when they first landed, had been partially swept from the bosom of the earth, and corn and maize had displaced the honey-locust and sassafras. Settlements of white log cottages dotted the face of the country; crooked fences marked off with mathematical precision white men's locations; and tiny white children danced beneath the oaks and gathered acorns, or culled flowers, on the banks of the streams where the young brown child of the forest had but lately sported. The primary indications of what is termed civilisation were numerous and marked, and a simply economical mind could have found much pleasure in gazing on the silvan scene, and speculating on its transmutation into a thickly peopled nation. The white men who had fled from persecution at home, and who had sought an asylum from tyranny in the dark and gloomy wilderness—albeit they bent their knees each morning and evening—had drawn the sword against the red owners of the land in which they dwelt, and had slain the warriors and young men, and had driven away the young children and the weary old sages from the council lodges and their fathers' graves. In this manner had the tribe of the Massachusetts been thinned and expatriated, until the white men knew not where they dwelt nor how many living beings claimed their name.

The sun was sitting beautifully one evening between the bluffs and tall trees of the west, as an Indian, weak and weary, emerged from a point in the uncleared forest, and sat him down on a fallen tree. The rays of the setting luminary fell sweetly on the white homes of the settlers, and the leaves of the maple and sycamore glittered in their light as the wind shook them on their twigs, and, as if in answer to their smiling, the redskin smiled; but the low of the cattle as they lazily entered the railed enclosures of the cottages, the laugh of thoughtless childhood, and the clear whistle of some youth who had not yet imbibed the gloomy aspect or deportment of his fathers, seemed to recall the red man's thoughts and to stir his heart, for his head fell upon his bosom, and when he lifted it again he indignantly drew his hand across his eyes, and rising from the log, walked slowly and painfully toward the house which was nearest him.

The settlement was one of considerable extent, and seemed like a landscape formed in ebony and green; the trunks of the trees stood in tall gloomy array, forming a dense dark enclosure on every hand, which would have appeared to proscribe the cleared oasis from all communication with the world beyond, had it not been for the vistas which opened into the forest, admitting the sunlight and forming paths for waggons and cattle passing from clearing to clearing. As the weary Indian approached the banks of a clear, flower-bordered creek, a group of sunny-haired children sprung from the copse on its bank, and screaming with fright, fled to the cottage which was close at hand. A few logs had been thrown across the stream, forming a rude temporary bridge, and, without seeming to observe the terror of the children, or to consider himself in danger, he walked over the moss-grown passage and directed his footsteps towards the white man's wicket. All the children had not fled, however, at his approach—little Rose Pelham, who was as innocent and gentle as a young turtle-dove, came smiling towards the weary aborigine, and, placing her little soft hand in his, led him towards her father's door.

Farmers' houses in New England in those days were not the neat, snug, brick villas surrounded by smiling gardens which they are now; they were like little robber keeps, stockaded with log fences and fissured for gun and rifle service; the outer wickets were constructed of strong beams, and they were carefully and securely barred at nightfall, for the memory of bloody deeds and cruel murders kept the settlers watchful and cautious.

'Hillo there,' cried a stern voice from the enclosure; and as the red man stood still and looked in the direction whence the sound came, the long black tube of a rifle was presented at him through one of the embrasures. 'What dost thou seek here?' demanded the same stern voice; 'knowest thou that war is between my people and thine, and that I could slay thee?'

'The poor red man is weak and weary, father,' cried the little girl, as she ran towards the wall. 'Oh, give him milk, and let him rest!'

'Ah, Rose, how art thou there?' cried the same voice in visible alarm; and immediately the wicket was thrown open, and John Pelham, armed with a rifle, stepped beyond the enclosure and caught his daughter's hand. He was a man in the strength and vigour of comparative youth, for he had not yet seen forty winters, and his tall athletic frame had been hardened by healthful toil. He had indignantly refused to bow his head in conformity to the decrees of a royal council at home, and he had set up his tabernacle in the wilderness of the western continent, rejoicing in be-

ing free; yet his trials instead of expanding had incured his sympathies, and the sacrifices he had made had been less for principle's sake than in the pride of egotistic opinion. As he confronted the weary Indian, who supported himself upon his spear, his face was stern and rigid, and his grey eyes cold and severe.

'What dost thou seek in the settlements?' he again demanded, after having looked on the red man for some time in silence.

'Menonah once had a sire,' said the Indian in a low, musical voice, whose sorrowful tones were like the sighing of summer winds in the forest, 'and Menonah once had a tribe; their ashes are sleeping beneath the corn of the stranger, and their graves are deserted by their children. I have come from the prairie and over the river and through the forest to visit their graves.'

'Which visit is as sinful as vain,' said the icy paleface; 'go back to your tribe lest evil befall thee.'

The Indian smiled and his dark eye brightened, but hunger and debility had subdued the fire of his spirit, and his tones were even more saddened than before as he said, 'Menonah can stand alone amongst the graves of his nation, and the Great Spirit will tell his heart if it is wrong to be sad as he looks around and sees no dark skin, and hears no longer the tongue of the Massachusetts. But Menonah is hungry, and he feign would rest; will my white brother listen to the white dove, and share with a chief of the Massachusetts his food and his buffalo-skin?'

'Begone you Indian dog!' said John Pelham, sternly; 'you shall neither eat a crust nor stretch your limbs in my home. Your tribe drove off my cattle eight years ago, and some more of your savage brethren fired my barns five harvests since, therefore I fellowship not with you, begone!'

'And the white men have slain my people, and driven the deer and bison from our hunting-grounds. They have torn up the bones of our fathers, and have drowned out our council-fires. They have given our wigwams to the flames, and have gashed our lands with the ploughshares; and they refused Menonah a piece of maize bread and a cup of milk.'

'Begone!' said Pelham in a more stern voice, as he pushed his child within the wicket and brought his rifle to his side. 'I will not parly with thee longer; begone for an Indian dog!'

The sun went down as if ashamed to look upon the awful spectacle of a man refusing a hungry, weary brother's claim of brotherhood. The night winds awoke with a sigh from their beds in the forest bowers, and the tall trees trembled in every limb ere his last words were spoken; the flowers shrunk within themselves, and when the angels wept their dewy tears upon them, they fell weeping to the earth beside the weary red man, who slumbered in his tattered robe amongst them. The recording angel looked darkly on the page of John Pelham's sin as he wrote it down in heaven's register; and perhaps it was the radiance of his smile as he turned his eyes to earth upon the meek Indian, and not the dying lustre of the last sunbeam, that irradiated the face of Menonah as he slumbered on the dewy ground. Poor son of the forest and the wild, thou wert proscribed of man because of thy skin's hue—thou wert left to die although a crust could save thee! But God made thee, outcast though thou wert, and illumined thy nature with a meek, forgiving love; the white man who professed to be warmed with the beams of Shiloh's sun scorned thee from his door in wrath, and weary though thou wert, thou didst drag thy tired limbs to the grateful forest shade, and lay thee meekly down upon the earth, which was less cold and hard than the heart of John Pelham.

Years passed on, and the clearing extended its boundaries and increased in its population; villages began to clump the face of the country, and the black girdled stumps of a primal system of agriculture, no longer stood in the green waving fields. The home of John Pelham had become the centre of a thriving hamlet, and he, on account of his skill and daring courage, had been chosen the leader of a band of warrior farmers. He had forgotten that he had ever injured a red man—he forgot that he had ever manifested hardness of heart to one of the original possessors of the soil—and he railed at the cunning and cruelty of the Indian as he tracked him on the forest way, and shot him down like a beast. One day, in company with several other settlers, he followed a band of Mohigans, intent upon their destruction, and, being absorbed in the pursuit and eager to come up with the red warriors, he outstript his followers and penetrated deeply into the forest. As he crept stealthily towards the Indians, who lay bivouacked by a winding stream, and drew his rifle slowly through the tall ferns and brushwood, he was felled by the blow of a club, and only recovered to find himself tightly bound with thongs, and borne along to the Indian country a prisoner.

For several days the redskins dragged John Pelham, weak and hungry, along the tangled path which they followed with rapid steps by the direction of the blazed trees. At last they emerged from the forest, and striking a buffalo track, passed through the tall grass of a prairie, until they arrived at a sequestered, lovely valley, in whose bosom slumbered a glassy little lake, whose banks were dotted at one extremity with a few Indian wigwams. It was a beautiful little valley, where the rhododendron and anemone vied with each other in brightness and profusion of blossom. A few laggard warriors lay and basked in the sunny radiance of mid-day, a few children

sported like aquatic birds in the clear lake, while others yelled and shouted in the excitement of mimic warfare. There was a beauty and repose in the scene which even the shouts of the children could not destroy; and the sward and shrubs smiled as brightly and beautifully as if their leaves had never been stained with blood, and that valley had never heard the whoop of death, but had been a temple of silence and peace since time was born. As the band passed over the slope of the hill which flanked this little glen, following each other in single file, with the prisoner strongly bound in the centre, a yell, like the howl of the prairie wolf, rose high in the air, and the warriors starting from their recumbent attitudes, and the women and children rushing from the wigwams, formed a Babel of sound and motion which was at once wild and disorderly. The war party seated themselves in a circle in the bosom of the valley, having placed the white man in the centre, and when the warriors from the village came and invited them, they arose and followed them to the council lodge. When the calumet of peace had been smoked, the welcome dance finished, and the Mohigans feasted, the Whitebear—a stern and hardy warrior—led forth the prisoner. 'Brothers,' he said, addressing the braves of the valley, 'my young men were on the war paths in the hunting grounds which the paleface have taken from the Massachusetts, and they trapped this pale face chief. He is a bold warrior and has slain many of your young men; he is a wolf, for he has torn up your father's bones; and we have turned aside from our path to deliver him to you, Massachusetts braves, for the flames of your pine-scores are hungry for his flesh, and your knives are thirsty for his blood.'

John Pelham was what is termed brave, for he could dash into the work of death and shout as he revelled in slaughter; but when he sat bound that evening in a wigwam a prisoner, doomed for Indian torture on the morrow, his flesh became cramped with a species of spasms, and his animal courage forsook him. Ah! it was then that the better part of his nature was stirred within him, it was then that his wife and children, home and hearth, came full and strong upon him; it was then that he thought of the Indians whom his hand had bereft of life, and it was then that he thought of the poor weary redskin that he had refused a crust of bread and a cup of water and had driven from his door with scornful words. Hard of heart, and pitiless, what hope had he of pity; remorseless and implacable, how could he nurse vain hopes of mercy; bound and doomed amongst the savage and revengeful Indians, how vain it was to dream that they would spare him of a moment's pain who had been their most relentless foe. Wife, children, home, the altar hearth, and the household gods of flesh and blood—he only seemed to feel and know their united power now, and he must see them no more.

As John Pelham sat and ruminated thus, a sharp knife severed the ligatures from his wrists and ankles, a rifle was put into his hands, and a calm but imperative voice said, 'Arise and follow me.' The prisoner instinctively and silently arose, and gliding out of the cabin, followed his guide up the northern slope of the valley and struck into the forest. The night was dark and cloudy overhead, and the gloom of the wood was uncheered by the twinkle of an occasional star, yet the heart of the white man danced lightly, for although ignorant of the country which he now traversed, and although his guide was perfectly unknown to him, he was leaving the stake and certain torture for, at least, action and a chance of safety.

The Indian was tall and muscular, and his step was majestic and free; his robes of dressed deer-skin with particoloured horsehair, and around his neck was a collar formed of the claws of the grisly bear, giving evidence at once of his rank and prowess. Day after day, and night after night, he led the white man on his way, shooting and dressing wild animals as his food, and sharing with him his large buffalo robe when they slept. Sometimes when John Pelham would wearily drag his limbs behind him, the strong and agile Indian would allow him to hang upon his arm, and would assiduously encourage him by his gestures and smiles to move on, but he never spoke in answer to any of the settler's questions, save to assure him that he was leading him to safety; at last they ascended a high hill, when the Indian bade the white man look around.

'I have seen this place before,' cried the settler in ecstasy; 'now I know where I am.'

'Yes,' said the redskin, quietly and calmly, at the same time pointing to a neat white farm house, 'yonder is the white man's house, and now the Indian will go for the white man requires him no longer.'

John Pelham looked at the native, and his face perhaps never so brightly shone before as he warmly exclaimed, 'Come with me to my home, that my wife and children may bless thee.'

'No,' was the Indian's sorrowful reply, as he turned his eyes to heaven; 'the redskin has no home, no wife, no little ones, no friends. The white man slew all that Indian loved, and took all away that he could venerate—his home and his father's graves; and now he can go alone into the woods and die.'

'I have food and drink at home, and I have robes that come across the sea; come with me my brother,' said the white man, in moving tones, 'and take what pleases thee.'

The Indian shook his head, and his smile was full of melting sorrow, as he replied, 'The Indian is poor, he wants nothing from the

white man; he can die alone with the forest leaves for his death robes.'

'Then tell me,' cried John Pelham, 'what can I do to repay your disinterested kindness?'

The redskin drew his tall handsome form up to its full height, and fixing his glowing eyes on the settler's face, exclaimed in a deep, stern voice—'Let the white man look at the Indian.'

The agitated white man obeyed; he eagerly looked at the tall figure of his guide, and scanned the features of his face, and as he did so a painful recollection of the past came back upon him.

'Does the white man know Menonah?' said the savage with a smile of triumph; and the farmer cowered beneath the ardour of his glance. There was excitement shining in his black scintillating eyes, and, although within sight of his own dwelling, John Pelham felt that he was in the power of a man whom he had cruelly scorned.

'Go!' said the stern and gloomy redskin, waving his hand proudly—'go white man to your home, and tell your people who it was that led you from the stake to this bluff, and when a weak and weary Indian comes to stand over the ashes of the Massachusetts warriors and braves, tell him not to begone for an Indian dog!' Menonah cast upon the conscience-stricken settler a look of triumph as he proudly turned away and hurried down the mountain side.

Who can tell what John Pelham felt as he bent his knees upon the grass and the tears stole to his eyes. Sorrow and contrition were struggling wildly in his bosom, and he sought to calm his agitation by prayer. There was a sense of shame and degradation chaining him to the earth which was almost intolerable, and when he arose and returned to his home he was a humbled contrite man.

Menonah was never more seen among the white men, but John Pelham never could speak of his noble revenge for the outrage he had received without tears of anguish bursting from his heart. He could not repay his kindness, nor convince him of the depth and sincerity of his penitence, but from the day of his return to his home until he died, the war path knew not the foot of the farmer any more. His love for his daughter Rose seemed to increase from his return, and when she had gone to her own home, and afterwards carried her little son to church, her father asked her as an especial favour that she would mingle his name with that of the Indian, whom she led to the wicket long ago, and call her little boy John Menonah.

Ah! let us wander on the surface of the earth, we will still find good Samaritans. Amongst the dark skinned children of Ethiopia, or the dingy sons of China; in the desert where roams the fiery Bedouin, or on the prairie where the Indian growls—wherever man dwells, despite the wild and tangled wilderness of human nature, there will we find lovely moss-flowers of kindness and love to teach us sympathy and charity.

From the Manuscript Journal of an Officer.

HURRICANE ON THE GANGES.

WE started as usual at day break, and our boatmen, after a day of toil and tracking, had dragged us some twenty miles. The water was scarce ever ruffled by a passing breeze. The monotony of this, however, was much broken by the sight of numerous alligators and turtles quietly floating on the surface, but sinking as soon as observed, and thus furnishing easy-to-be-missed marks for our rifles. The tall adjutants and cranes of many kinds, as they stood statue like or marched along in stately majesty over the shallow shores, a solitary pelican sailing with the stream, or the deeply coloured water snake wending his liquid way, ravenous and hungry vultures actually tearing at the dead, or hovering expectant over the dying, or perched on and devouring some passing buoyant and putrid human corpse—all these, and sundry others, formed figures in the 'rings' of the Ganges, *the target*, gave us a better chance, and often forfeited their lives for our amusement. The beauty of the banks were enlivened by many villages and towns, with the lofty and pinnacled pagodas of the subtle, sinning Hindoos, or the ponderous domed mosques of their physical though not mental conquerors—(no! but Brahma and the Crescent in every power shall yet be crushed by the cross and its now fast forming moral phalanx); and the river itself, smooth as it was, presented to the eye a scene of considerable excitement. Innumerable boats of every sort and size, and hue and colour, and of names never meant for the measures of poetry, however poetical in appearance, passed up and down in rapid succession, and frequently came in contact with our nobler vessel, or we, asserting our naval superiority, gave them the first broadside—and then the uproar of the natives, their fierce and maniac-like gestures, can alone be duly appreciated by those who have seen an oriental tongue fight.

At sunset we stopped, and, with a countless fleet of boats, were ranged along the banks of the river; and dinner being prepared and eaten, all, as usual sought repose till day break again, and everything appeared fitted for the required rest.

Though the sun set in fire, evening had closed in beautifully, and night never sat more serenely on this mighty river; all was still, save the howling jackall's mournful cry. The restlessness of the sleeper alone, seen by some flickering lamp, omened that something unusual was brooding in the midnight sky, as, with parched and open lips, he heavily breathed